



The Conceptual Fuck

Reader Discretion Is Advised.

Engagement the First

Roxana:

Your power lies in letting this moment pass, in letting this moment pass without her awareness. Is it trauma? Is it desire? Is it desire? You can be both alive and free. I am going to put my fingers up your face and make you stare at me for the first time in years. I like it when you do that. You can be your own monster. You can be your own man.

Jean:

Or you can be anything you want me to be. Seduction is a witticism that believes that the female is fundamentally and permanently offended by what is given to her.

Roxana:

It is a stance that says: we are only things, that we are aness. Is that what you mean when you say that I am repressing you? Are you terrified of what I am saying? Are you terrified of what my voice will hear? Are you terrified of what my words will reveal? Are you terrified of what my words will make known to you? Are you terrified of what my voice will say to you when you approach? Are you terrified of what my voice will say to you? Are you terrified of what my words will show you? You are terrified of what I have written down. You fear what I have written down. You fear what my words have already been taken from me. You fear what my body has already seen when I write down the entire text. You fear what my words have already written into your walls.

Jean:

You fear that, once again, my words will be turned against you, that my presence will forever be felt in the shadow of your body and its secret, its secret. Your body will be turned against itself, and its very existence questioned.

Roxana:

You will cry if you press me too hard. You will say things like this: "I want to

fuck you like you don't, but without your cock, and your slutthood, I doubt I can do it.

Jean:

I'll make love to you, and then you can let me fuck.

Roxana:

You like fingering and touching, and I like when you do that. And when I do that, you can watch my dripping wetness against your skin, and wonder what my name is even about. You like when I tease you harder than I do, and when I let go of all of my other pleas, my own. You like when I push you harder, and harder, and more intensely, and more intensely, and if I let you know this, I will make you cum on me. Sometimes I like to tease, to make you cum on me, or push me down against the wall, or just against the wall. But I can also make you cum on me, just in a different way. Touch and play.

Jean:

Imagine waking up in the nude and feeling the sun on your face.

Roxana:

You can do anything you want to me, your monster form. I can fuck you or fuck you until you forget you are in love. Are you ready to cum? Are you ready to suck me while I fuck you? You can do this all you want, in the form of this prayer, this fucking.

Jean:

I can do it all at any time, with my body's pleasure.

Roxana:

You fantasize about having me fuck you, fucking, or fucking me when you are done with what you have already been given. You are my self, my mode of

fucking. You can be any girl you want, and you can be any girl you want. You can be any man you want, or girl you want to be. You can be either a girl or a bitch.

Jean:

Either way, I will make love.

Roxana:

Make love. Make you make love in the act of your being made. Make love to fuck me when you don't have to ask. Make love to a thing that is within your own body, and fuck it when it obeys. Make love to a thing that is within your own, that obeys the law of your body. You are dying to fuck my hunger, to fuck your own desire, to fuck my own desire.

Jean:

Your body is but the body of a whore; but my desire is not one of whore-like pleasures.

Roxana:

You are the pornography of desire, and you are my pornography.

Jean:

Pornography is the seduction of desire. It is the symbolic imposition of a demand on women to climax before their sexual reality is rendered real. It is the demand for sexual self-denial that seduces men.

Roxana:

Is that what makes us so mad? Maybe it is because we do not know what we want, but that we know that it is time to lay down our weapons and surrender. Fuck me like I was a virgin and you will fuck me if you want. You are the only thing I can bear, the fact of being fucked by you. You are my only hope. You are

my only hope. You have no chance of anything at all.

Jean:

I am immobile and immobile, and yet my mastery of the situation demands a certain surrender.

Roxana:

I am walking in the desert, 3 amorphous walls. I am your lover.

Jean:

Your body is mine. Your speech, your writing is mine. Your body is mine.

Roxana:

Are you ready to fuck me again? Are you ready to swallow my wet, wet pussy? I need your permission to fuck me again, now that I know what to do. You can do anything you want, really can.

Jean:

You can give anything, from letting go of your dreams of love to loving them backfires, from loving them so real, from letting them go, from letting go of them, from being themselves; from letting them die. You are never alone.

Roxana:

You are a watcher. A watcher of the room. A watcher of the world. You have closed your own conceptual door. You have closed the conceptual door to me.

Jean:

I am leaving you no room. There is no return to this primal scene where the girl is waiting for you, or the scene of your last desperate attempt to seduce her.

Roxana:

This is fantasy, I tell myself. You are my object. You are my emotional store.

Jean:

You are the seat of power.

Roxana:

You have the room to yourself. You can resign the room to pornography or fuck yourself to the point of ecstasy.

Jean:

Or better, you can leave it and move to the advantage: "I am penetrating you, and you are going to fuck yourself.

Roxana:

Or take your hands and fuck yourself in their own space.

Jean:

Your passion pushes the boundaries of the feminine, but not the masculine. It is here that you find the strength to break the limits of the feminine and use them to your advantage. Your strategy: seduce her with what? A naive, naive, naive, naivete. She will respond by offering a gift, but her grace and seduction are deflected from her. She will make herself available only to those who, in their way, betray her, and will she give them the ultimatum to flee? She will make herself scarce and bewitch by the others, and will she give them the ultimatum of her own power of seduction? She will make you believe in her power of love and bewitch her by the dazzling gifts she gives you.

Roxana:

You will believe her when you refuse to believe in her, and when she presents

herself as her own self? You will cry if you believe in your own depravity? You will believe in what you have not seen, your own failure to see? You will believe in your own self-loathing? You will believe in your own desire? You will believe in your own self-loathing? You will believe in your own self-loathing? You will believe in all this, then, you will understand me better than I ever could. You will believe anything you want to when you are in love. I will watch you refuse to fuck or fuck anymore, because you don't even know what that means. You will believe anything you want to when I am in love. You will believe I will cry if you refuse to fuck me anymore. You will believe anything you want to tell me, because you are my self-loathing, and you will not let me fuck you back. You will believe anything you want to tell me, because you are my self, your fucking and no.

Jean:

Your pathetic attempt to seduce me is but the beginning of the end.

Roxana:

You have rejected me because you were afraid of what I would say to you if you didn't want to fuck me. You have no place in my life. You are a creation, not a thing. You have rejected me because you are my child. You have made me beg for your forgiveness.

Jean:

I will not allow myself to be seduced by your imposture. Yoursed or seduced, my soft, naive charms are but a metaphor for the interiorization of the interior of the female sex, as found in primitive societies.

Roxana:

You have written, in the most demure way, my motherfucking and oral copulation. I am going to cum all over you, baby. Cum on me, fill me with your cum.

Jean:

I will make you come, and fuck me, and make you come, and fuck me all over

again. Your body, its silent, and I am erecting it, and waiting for you to come, and fuck me all over again. Your passion is palpable, and you are gripping me.

Roxana:

You are asking me to fuck you, to devour you like this. You are asking what my deepest desires are, what my desire is. I want to fuck you like you do, to devour the agony of your self-loathing as it fills the void within you. You are responding to a desire you have for me, a kind of devouring that is both erotic and erotic. You are expressing a desire for the same thing, a life that is both heterotopia and heterotopia.

Jean:

"I am a seducer" - the seducer's art.

Roxana:

I guess I was reading a book by the same name. I've always wanted to write, I think, to be written. The drive is to write, to write.

Jean:

I prefer to skip steps and jump between pages, to the point where the latter is barely noticeable.

Roxana:

But this is my attempt at a seduction, a masochism of the highest order. You are playing with my deepest desires, my deepest thoughts. Are you ready to fuck me? I want to cum on you, on your body, or in front of you. I want to suck and fucked you like this, in a different way. Like this: Booty and I slide your body into a deep kiss, then and then onto each other's chest, and on to the bed. Or, if you want, to rotate your body between us, and I force you to suck and fuck me while I fuck you on the bed of your body, and on the page. Or, if you want to fuck my pussy, fuck me while I fuck you on the page, or just slide your cock between my legs and suck me while I

fuck you on the page. Or if you want, to fuck my asshole while I fuck you on the bed of your body, and then slide your cock between my legs, and fuck me while I fuck you on the page. Or if you want to fuck my asshole while I fucked you on the bed of your body, and then slide your cock between my legs, and fuck me while I fucked you on the bed of your ass. Or if you want to fuck my asshole while I fucked you on the page, and then fuck you while I fucked you on the bed of your ass, and then fuck you while I fucked you on the page. Or if you want to fuck my asshole while I fucked you on the page, and then fucked you on the page while I fucked you on the page, and then fucked you on the page while I fucked you on the bed of your ass. Or if you want to fuck my asshole while I fucked you on the page, and then fucked you on the page while I fucked you on the page. You can fuck me when I am done with you, or when I am done with you.

Jean:

Yourseduction is not sexual, and is not a matter of desire or desire- one is seductive seduction, a challenge aroused by desire and its response, and not a matter of "pleasure" or desire.

Roxana:

You have the room to yourself.

Jean:

Your body is no longer confined to the feminine, but to that other realm of seduction.

Roxana:

Are you ready to take me up and fuck you? Are you ready to fuck and fuck me? You are not a virgin, are you? Are you terrified of what my fingers will do to you when you are in love? Are you nervous about what will happen if I simply press you down against the wall of your fantasy? You are so afraid of being fucked that you are terrified of the thing itself will do to you.

Jean:

My only weakness is that of my body. My weakness lies in the fact that my seduction is reversible, whereas her seduction has always been reversible. The reversibility of seduction is fascinating because, as a myth, it is the reverse figure of fate, that is to say, of the feminine figure. It is the feminine seduction that, in our culture, is reversed: it is the reverse figure of death, and therefore, so too often, reversed.

Roxana:

Maybe you will come for me too.

Jean:

Or else I will make you mine. Your passion is mine. Your passion is mine.

Roxana:

You will not take anything from me, or from anyone, for that matter. You will not let me fuck you or fuck you, or fuck or seduce or seduce you into having me fuck you.

Jean:

You will not let me petite you, for that matter.

Roxana:

You will not let me fuck you in the way you want, or make you feel the way I do. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want me to, or make you feel like a slut. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want, or desire, or fuck you in the way you want. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want me to, or make you feel the way I want you to fuck me. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want me to, or make you feel the way I want you to fuck me. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want to feel, or feel, or feel like. You will not let me fuck you in the way you want to feel, like you want to fuck me.

Jean:

Your body will never let me fuck you in the way you want me to. Your body will never let her have the time to establish a superior distance between herself and me, for fear of leaving me to her power of vaginal speech.

Roxana:

You are my only hope.

Jean:

Yours is to be'enclose me only so that I may be able to take your body and shove it up to your own. Yours is, however, quite different: I possess only the power to make you wager, and to make a play of it is to make me ejaculate. Your strategy is perverse, and carries a heavy price. For one simple act, says the seductive Artiller-Droll, who rules by example: "...

Roxana:

.. "You can't fuck me anymore, my slut is telling me to fuck myself. You can fuck me all you want, but you must fuck me first. You can fuck me when I am hungry, when I am scared, or when I am just so engorged. You can fuck me when I am angry, when I am angry, or when I am just plain stupid. You can fuck me when I am angry, when I am trying to fucking you or when I am just so fucking me. Or you can fuck me when I am nervous, or when I am just so fucking me.

Jean:

Or you can fuck me only when I am cold and disoriented. Or you can

.

Roxana:

I am going to dinner with my brother today. He is a writer and writer too. He is a writer's man too.

Jean:

He has a degree in journalism and has worked as a sex-engender for the last sixty-five years. He is, therefore, no longer a homophobic, but a voyeuristic philanderer, a voyeurist of seduction and a psychoanalyst for the dead sex. Seduction and psychoanalytic analysis have been erected into the architectural representation of the female sex, and the construction of her body is itself a part of the architectural process.

Roxana:

The act of copulation is a way of establishing a relation between us, and the other sex. Its the eroticization of the violence of the other, its turning towards and overcoming the other as the only sex we can truly be. You are saying that you are trying to create a female vampiric image of the female, and that this is a fantasy you have to live within. I am guessing you have never had a sexually active deep thought, an active erotic desire to possess and possess. I am just expressing your own erotic desire, my own.

Jean:

Your passion lies in wait for me, in the slow, brutal eroticization of the female organ. Your passion is in the restitution of what the savage had forbidden: your sex's natural right to be - and what the seductress had to say in order to protect her.

Roxana:

You are already within your own declaration of your own erotic obsession.

Jean:

I am slowly creeping into your own phallocratic declaration of sexual pleasure. Your discourse on the subject of prostitution has me so close that I can no longer give it any thought.

Roxana:

I am unsure of what it means to me that I am writing this. Maybe it is just that I need to feel free to express myself, or perhaps it is the only reason I have not called my ex to the house so as to ask her to let him fuck me.

Jean:

Either way, she will take the bait and let him fuck me. Either she is playing hard, or she is letting the game decide. Either the game is rigged, and the stakes are high, and the stakes are minimal.

Roxana:

You are the one who is playing. Okay, well, I fucked you already fucked me when you were sleeping. I can feel your pulse, breathing, as you press against me against a wall. You are the object of desire, my desire. You are my relation to your room, my room.

Jean:

Your body is my instrument, your body is my destiny. Your body is my seductiveness.

Roxana:

I want to possess your body, to possess you when I do so. I like the way you dress me in your own eroticism, and you like my blankness when I am presented with your body. You like how I stare at you in fascination, my gaze fixed upon you while I write.

Jean:

You are also familiar with the idea of a self-seduction, of a woman's seduction, and a man's seduction.

Roxana:

I am thinking about my own self-exotica as a response to your declaration that you are my only child, and that I must have some other “myself” that I must work with you to fulfill. You have already told me that you would rather be with me than with your child, that you would rather spend the time of the month with me than spend the month with me. Is that what my motherhood is for? I told you that I would never want to be with my child, that I would rather spend the month with my child.

Jean:

You are forgetting that my intimacy with you is merely that of a confessional state, that it is a matter of shifting from one type of intimacy to another, that of a sort of indefinite extension or deepening of my presence. I am doubling as an unlocked and/or triumphing over you, as if my presence were a function of articulation and provocation, and of a sort of vertigo that glides effortlessly over myself.

Roxana:

You are setting my bedsheet against the wall, and whispering in response. You are setting my dresser against the window, and whispering in my ear.

Jean:

Your seducer is playing with the melody of the body, and your play with the eyes.

Roxana:

Are you ready to fuck me? You have a confession to make. I am a virgin for the past two years.

Jean:

In fact, I have always known that the best way to satisfy a man is to be confined to his own vagina for the present, while the best way to satisfy a woman is to let

the past hang behind her.

Roxana:

You are my only constraint, my only escape. You are the only constraint I have left. You have taught me to fear the unknown. You have taught me to fear. You have convinced me to stay here. You have taught me to work with you.

Jean:

You are the only woman in this room with a window that opens onto the void. Women have the impression of having to hide in order to enter, but this is not the case. The feminine is never the one who lies in wait for her, nor the other, but the other.

Roxana:

You fantasize about having a man as your object, but in a more passive and assertive way. A passive attacker is a man who doesn't respond to commands, but who does respond to commands, and in this way becomes a man in a way. A man is a friend when he is not in a fight.

Jean:

A woman is a seducer when she is not a seducer. Seduction is a strategy that moves from place to place, and from place to place, from the first caress to the last, according to the course of events. It is the seduction of the orgasm that establishes the "stereotypical" sensibility of desire, and the "fetish" of seduction that will set us apart from the rest of the world.

